Well then, I think I had better come next Tuesday, instead of tomorrow, for the simple reason that if I come tomorrow you will certainly drive the car & pick your back again. Admit that my psychology is correct. And then, as to da me is the light of your life, you will have to be extra careful all this week because if you aren't well enough to drive me, then I don't come on Tuesday. Ah this is very well reasoned; but I admit I am rather disappointed - ah the more that I have two new Epsom for not correcting my articles - I shall do that tomorrow instead of coming to you.

I am sending a wire, as letters seem to take longer than an airship takes to go round the world travelling to Sevenoaks.

Janet Vorn was here; & I had to choose her a Hilda to love, it would be her.

NYPL

HAMILL & BARKER 7/5/62

I explained the situation, which was all right, & she had seen Hilda, & nothing had been said & hinted. Also, Hilda never mentioned Rita, which she thought odd. So that, one way & another, your dustheapism has had good results.

I am lazily asleep in my lodge, which seems to harbour the sun. I saw Dotty the other day, & she posted passages from a letter I wrote to you — do you read her my letters? No, I don't suppose you do — only snatches, so don't be afraid that I am going to ring you up & make another Eclosion. Thank God I'm not a rich woman & don't live at Penns — well, you can't send her that anyhow? I mean, it seems so cumbrous & unnecessary — 4 men mowing the lawn; things all dotted round one like Hicks in a stream.

Au lait here. Farewell — I must go to Lewes.

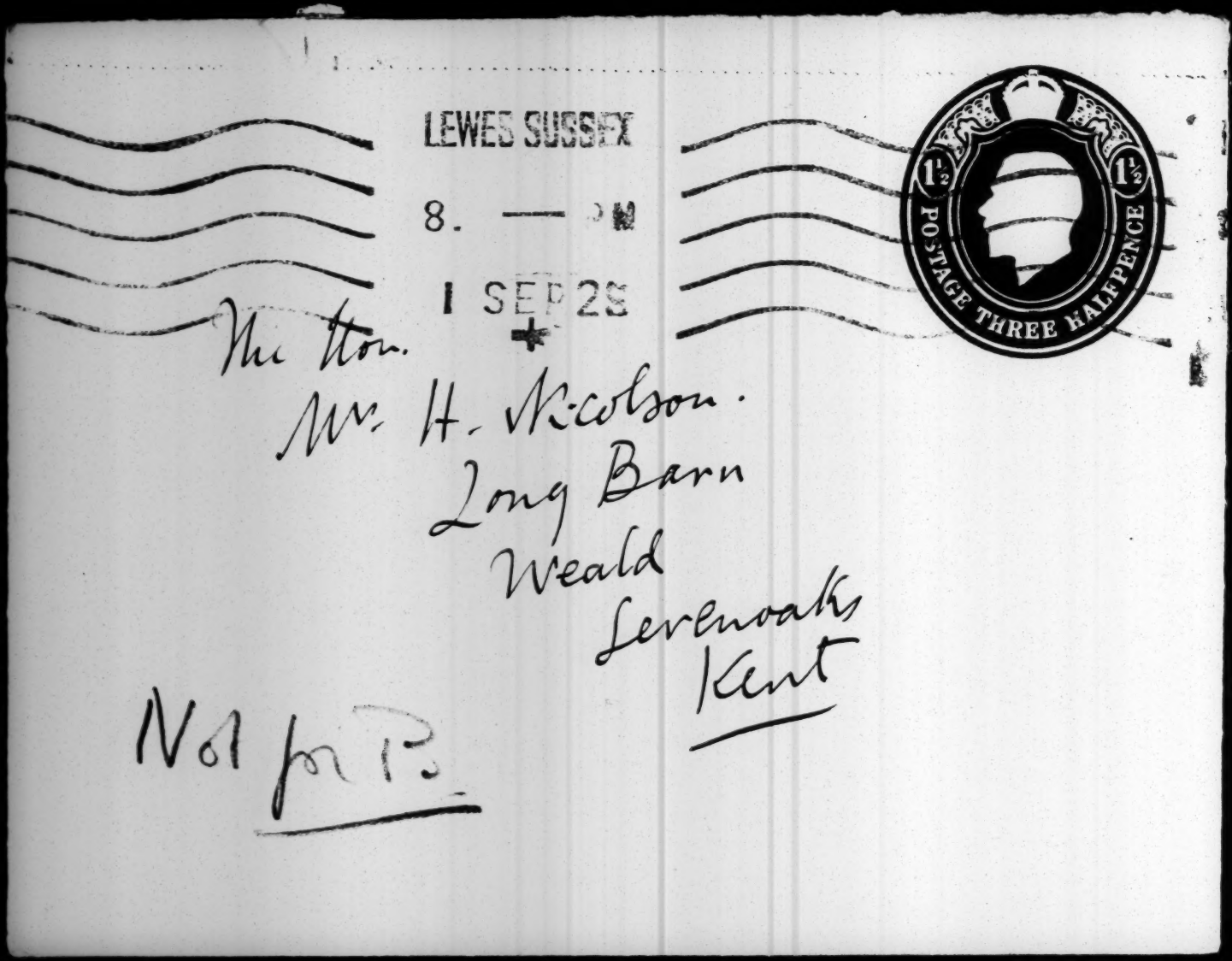
Love from us both

I write

to

Carrie

V.



The Hon.
Mrs. H. Nicolson.
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

Not for P.

Monks House

Rodmell

Lewes

Sept 1st

1929

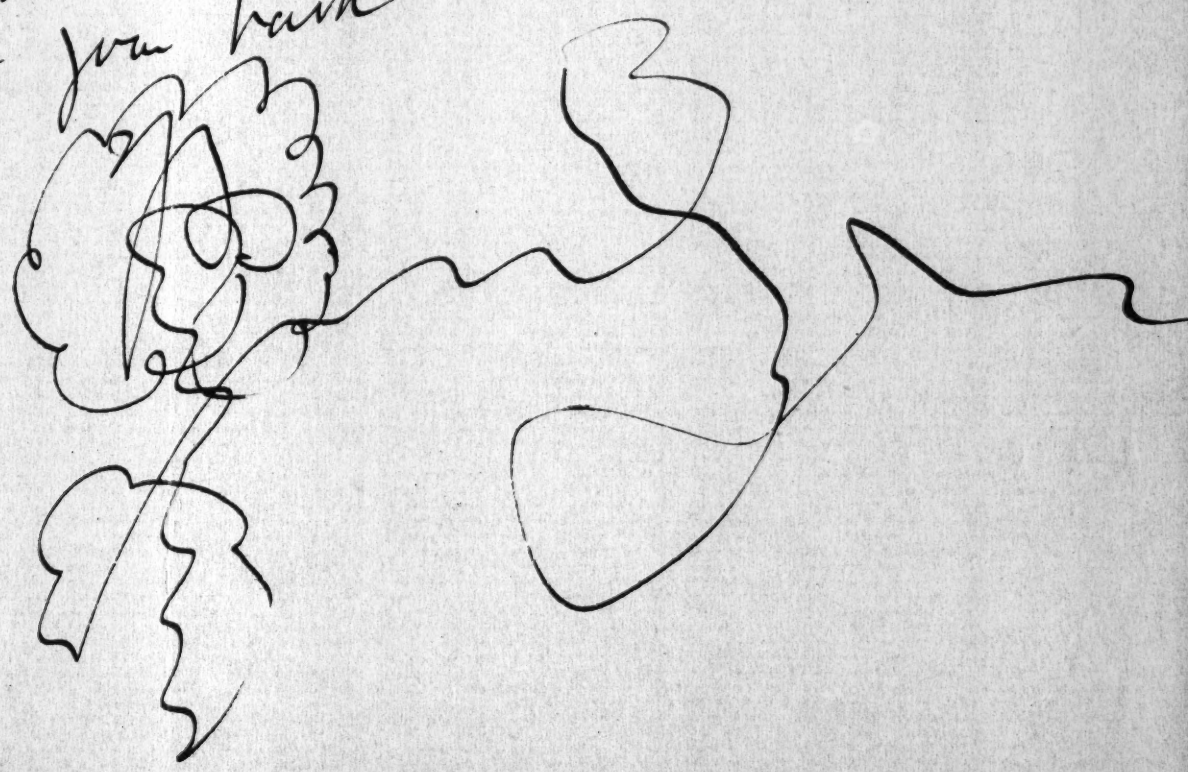
My train arrive at Tonbridge Weds at 5.48.
I wasn't nervous in saying that I was afraid of
Bozzy at driving me — to Rodmell that is — not for.
If any of there is any difficulty, wire, & I will go
to Tonbridge & take a cab.
Damn Harold. And why should you attach any
importance to the criticism of diplomats?
Have you got your proofs? I will read them —
had only one look at the type script here.
No, I don't mind Dottie & Gardener; what I mind
is the sense of stagnation, or rather malfeasance
aphasia, among ash that solidly. New Vic
Could run 20 Gardens & 10 houses into order &
animation. But I can't now remember the
impression that came over me, violent though it was,
at times. Dotty reminds like a hot & used
that has floated into the midst of mucked cupboards.

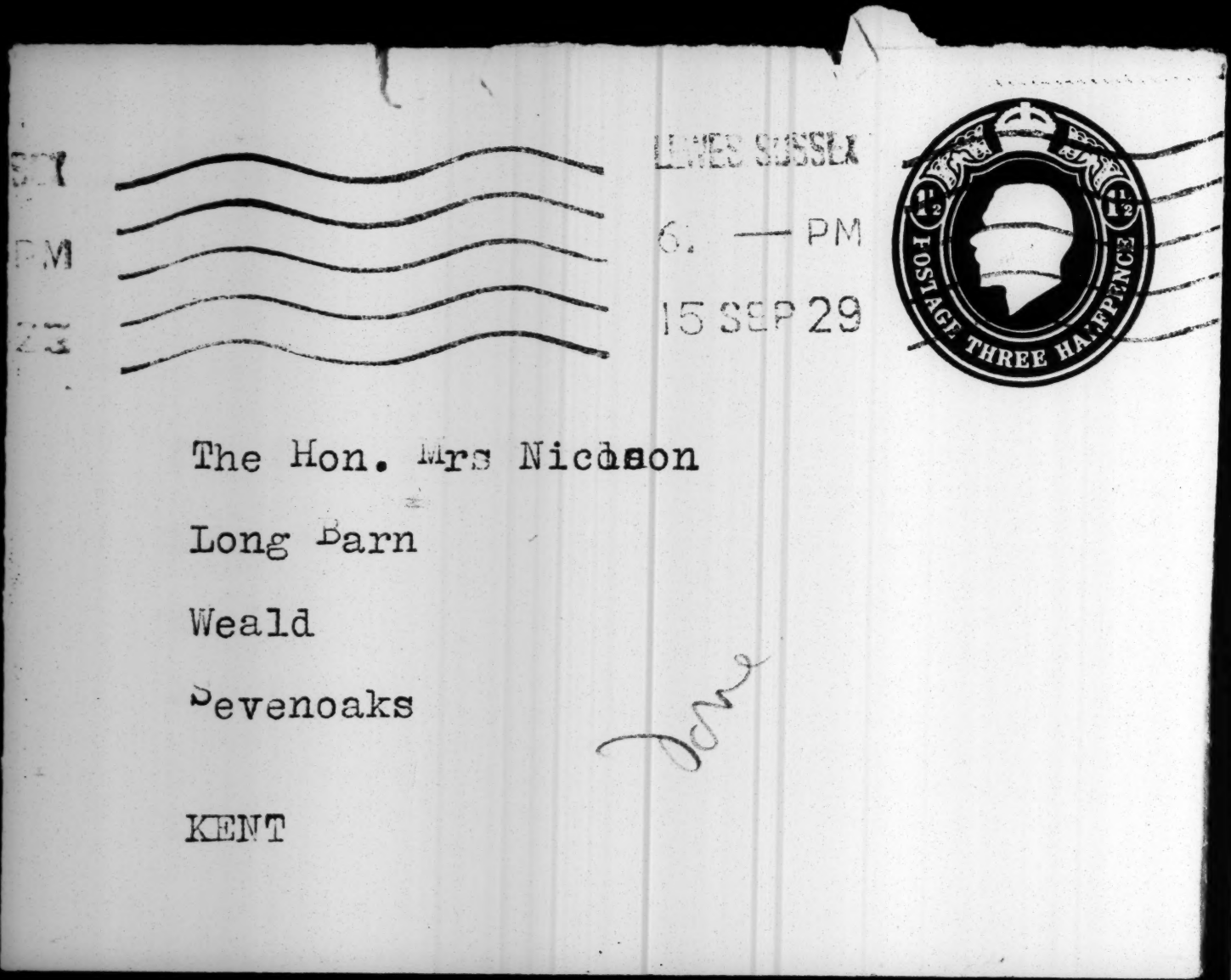
She has just sent me her poems for
an honest opinion.

Kitchen table, Persian kits, Great Danes, spaniels
Chess, & they all knock, dash & work about
pantomimes. Put Vita there, & everything would
at once take order & sail to the Antipodes, under
flying colours. I am entertaining Mrs L. Lloyd
Irvine as I write, & throwing out fascinating views on
Chantelz, fiction, & human life, ~~about I want them~~
Can you really believe it, the ants
these questions, & no answer comes.

I'm also hearing talking & writing, reading
Mr. Meynell's life. And getting together a
picnic basket to lunch in the beech woods
beyond Lewes.

We must want to make Clemence visited
we see how you both is.





The Hon. Mrs Nicolson

Long Barn

Weald

Sevenoaks

KENT

Sunday

a thousand congratulations from us both.
I daresay these are the happiest days of your life.
No, alas, I left London a Friday not Thursday.
Yes, very pleased about Kings Daughter.
Thank Goodness, no more dealing with Lady S.
Yes I've signed my name 600 times.
Yes, I've read Hugh.
Why I say all ~~your~~ his characters are dead, when its true?
neither

How business like this letter is!
And looks like a Sonnet.

Your red hat is here.

The Hon.
Mrs. H. Nicolson,
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

Monks House.
Rodmell.

1st Tuesday

Pinka's

What a long & unexhausted letter—a great treat. Also Pinka's
Comb. Many Haas have already been analysed out.
for his searching & hearkair. Many thanks; Leonard's & Pinkai's

What can I say about Hugh?—& I've got to write to him—
The truth is it's a day dream, unreal, all shingles, like a
Christmas tree, or to me rather exhilarating for that reason—
all flowers & shivers to violet powder. I expect all
his books are flowered dreams of Hugh; Hugh a great man,
Hugh a dream. Hugh a love, Hugh prodigiously wicked &
so on—never a plumber & any reality; & that's the
trick—that's the glamour & the classics & the
Bayle: that's why he sells. & why nothing is left out a
little dust. I've only read 30 pages of Rebecca, but
I think really she's another hair of shoes. I agree
that the convention is tight & affected & occasionally
fobbish beyond endurance, but then it's a convention
& she does it deliberately, & it helps her to
manufacture some pretty little china ornaments
for the war mantelpiece. She could read down pit

again, but Hugh never, never.

But what I want to know is as much as you think it discreet to say about Beaverbrook & Harold's job – what is it? – what is the gag? – My word, I think you are lucky to have brushed through all diplomacy & then off to another flower bloom which the sun still shines – what a stallion, what a young blood mare you are, to fling your head, kicking your luck.

And when shall we meet? I'm a little dismal – Another of these cursed headaches – How I get them I can't imagine – whether it's writing, reading, walking, or being stupid – Anyhow, its nothing bad at all – only it makes my eyes ache & frightens my poor – I must sit walk, or do anything sit & drink milk – You know the old story.

Again I am rather considering staying on here alone, a ponchy harmonica with hot tea.

I wonder if I shall: I wonder if you'd be free: I wonder if perhaps we might have 3 days or so together. It would be, at all, about the 5th of October.

But I'm ever so much better today. A real mast write to Hugh. We let me know about Beaverbrook & all the rest.

Love Virginia

I have it in my mind to go to Lyme Regis:

Monday Sept 21
1929

Master Vanessa,

No, I didn't mean I was ill - only an ordinary headache, & I'm perfectly all right again.

We are going up to London, but alas, we get back too late to call in on you. And there doesn't seem to be any free time left here - there's Tilton & Charleston this week end, & then the Labour Party at Brighton to which we are going, & then Leonard must go back - so Harold must come & see us in London of he will.

I had meant to stay on here & write, but the men are starting to begin building, & so I don't expect I shall stay beyond the 7th or 8th, & then return very grudgingly to Tavistock & answer the telephone as usual. Lytton Regey, I'm told is completely recalcitrant - anyhow, I couldn't write in - an Inn.

I'm reading an Oxford undergraduate's novel & his hero says "Do you

knew these lines from The Land, the finest
poem, by far the finest of our living poets —
but for all that, we shan't publish him.

I have only one passion in life — cooking.
I have just bought a superb oil stove. I can
cook anything. I am free for ever of cooks.
I cooked veal cutlets & cake today. I
assure you it's better than writing three
more than comic books.

I shall be alone, anyhow Friday & Saturday
next week, if you'd come for the night,
but I suppose you can't manage very well, with
Harold. £15 00 is not a great sum, certainly; &
damn your mother for making more bother.
Well, God knows when we shall meet.
You'll be off to Barcelona, & I shall be off to
Cassis. (Mrs Bartholomew has here
interrupted with an account of Colchester...)
& how I must work

[redacted]

HAMILTON BARKER 2/5/62